Whillikins

Elmer Willis Serl

Class HN64

Book .S43

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

WHILLIKINS

First published in December, 1913.

WHILLIKINS

∴ *A STUDY IN* ∴
SOCIAL HYSTERIA

BY

ELMER WILLIS SERL

Author of "Swaying Tree Tops," "The Laughter of Jesus," and "The Fraternity of the Fields," books published by this house.

NEW YORK
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1913

HN64
.S48

Copyright, 1913, by
The Neale Publishing Company

JAN 10 1914

©CLA362089

CONTENTS

I

JUST WHILLIKINS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	The Logic of the Skim	9

II

WHILLIKINS,—THE SOCIALITE

I	Sarcasm? Maybe	17
II	The Big Fight	19
III	"Don't Spit Here. Man Below"	23
IV	Overalls and the White Vest	27
V	Why Don't They Eat Cake?	28
VI	Camp-Meeting Hot Air	34
VII	The Worker Problem	37
VIII	How About Indemnity for the Employer?	41
IX	The Latest Combine	44
X	Professorial Punk	50
XI	Some Foolishness from Edward Carpenter	61
XII	A Little Wisdom from Edward Carpenter	66

CONTENTS

III

WHILLIKINS,—THE QUEER

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Tact or Do-Nothingism	71
II	Modern Business vs. Real Business	74
III	The Political Leech	81
IV	Cut It Out	84
V	The Narrowness of the Broad	87

IV

WHILLIKINS,—THE RECREATIONIST

I	He Ran Him Down to Death	93
II	Why the Motion Picture Show	98

V

WHILLIKINS,—THE RELIGIOUS

I	On Delivering the Cattle	105
II	"Give 'Em the 'Rousements"	109
III	Boston Buddhism or Baked Beans	113
IV	The Pink Minister	117
V	How Any Minister May Succeed	120

I

JUST WHILLIKINS

WHILLIKINS

CHAPTER I

THE LOGIC OF THE SKIM

The other night the dairyman cheerfully announced that hereafter he would charge one-third of a cent more a quart. He explained that Whillikins was charging a cent and two-thirds more and therefore— Since Whillikins had seen fit to jump five-thirds of a cent, surely our dairyman could jump one-third without spilling any water out of the can.

It seems that the trouble lies with Whillikins and not with our milkman.

It does not cost any more, if as much, for fodder now than it did a year ago; so increased cost of fodder cannot be given as the reason for the increased price of milk. Yes, the trouble must lie with Whillikins.

I think that Whillikins says that he delivers

what is nowadays called "certified milk," "sanitary milk," or some sort of extraordinary milk. And Whillikins sees in this a chance to soak the consumer. When Whillikins does this, then every other milkman does likewise, to an extent varying with the probable sanitariness of his product.

A while ago a state dairy inspector and advocate of pure milk got off the train in our town and spent enough days with us to stir up the contents of every milk can in the county. Next, by the use of the newspapers he got us all eager to look into the milk cans. We did so, and then we all said in concert, "Milkman! milkman! You must clean your cow stables and your boots, and you must wash your hands."

There was some growling from those who did not believe in being too near to God,—at least, when they were around cow stables. But we kept chanting our refrain over and over as the inspector waved his baton, and at length several milkmen bought a piece of Kirk's.

We then subsided from our concert performance. The inspector departed, leaving some certified bottle stoppers with the milk-

men, and life and milk flowed on in our town as before. Eve happened to have a few milk tickets ahead in a teacup in the cupboard, and as we poured our certified cream on our sterilized grape nuts we said: "This is cream. This is like the cream we used to get back on the farm. That inspector is a blessingful boon to a town such as ours."

Presently the old supply of tickets was exhausted, and when Eve put the customary dollar in the bottle on the porch for a new supply she found that she received one pint-ticket short. Inquiry brought the information I gave at the beginning of this chapter. "Milk costs a third of a cent more now since Whillikins charges five-thirds more." Whillikins is the goat.

It seems then that we milk consumers are paying the milk producers to wash their hands and clean their stables and their boots. According to this, dirt is one-third of a cent cheaper.

Now, as an individual who wishes to live and let live, I do not want any compulsory discounts. I believe that every producer of milk, potatoes, chickens, or books, should have a reasonable price for his product. I object,

however, to the fallacy that cleanliness and sanitary living should be made the excuse for increasing the price of the necessities of life. If a man wishes to raise the price of an article of food which he produces, he may; but I do not want him to tell me that he does it because soap costs money. If he does, he indirectly tells me that he is a dirty goat by disposition. And I know that such a man will be just as dirty as he dares, even if I pay him five-thirds of a cent more a quart for milk. He ought not to be in the milk business, or in the potato business, or in the chicken business, or in the book business. He ought to have a job cleaning sewers. There are scores and scores of producers of pure food articles who think just as I do, and it is for their defense, as well as for the consumer's, that I write this.

There are well-meaning people who think that the sanitary problem is a social one. They say that the social movement for sanitary foodstuff is proof of the worth of the social movement; or in other words, that without any social agitation there is always dirty milk. I reply, that with the social movement there is always just as dirty milk as the milkman dares give, and meanwhile there

is a five-thirds of a cent increase in price,—unless the dairyman is an individual who believes in soap. And if he does, his milk was sanitary before the inspector visited our town. He had the soap on the inside of him, and his hands were clean.

Just here is where the whole social movement fails. It does not put the soap where it belongs first, and it causes the five-thirds of a cent increase in price of milk.

When the individual movement prevails, a man will consider soap an essential, no matter whether he produces milk or books; and he will prefer to produce clean milk at five-thirds of a cent less a quart than dirty milk at five-thirds of a cent more a quart. He would rather produce clean books which sell moderately than "Three Weeks" which sells by the hundred thousand.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness only when the individual is instinctively sanitary.

To be clean is possible without big wages, increased food prices, and a bank account. Yet to-day clean food, cleanly produced and cleanly prepared, is made the excuse for exorbitant prices. If we could all get the soap on the inside of ourselves, there would be

clean dish-rags, and clean kitchens, and milk-pans, and boots, and stables, and grocery stores, and meat shops, and restaurants; and instead of a five-thirds of a cent increase there would be a five-thirds of a cent decrease in the cost of living. The saving by cleanliness more than pays for the cost of the soap. Dirt out of place is waste. Please tell that to Whillikins.

II

WHILLIKINS,—THE SOCIALITE

CHAPTER I

SARCASM? MAYBE

Let us estimate our social resources. Are we wise, or are we foolish? Are we fortunate, or are we unfortunate?

We have health in spite of unwillingness to exercise, which is good. We have clothing and food and an opportunity to overstock the market with these things, and,—with a little care not to distribute them properly,—we can charge more for them than they are worth and so make money, which causes satisfaction. There is work for every man who wants to work, there are good wages, and a chance to spend them foolishly, which is rightly named personal liberty,—a liberty that no one may safely curtail.

We live in a Christian land which tolerates the scamp as well as the saint. We live in a day of reform. It is popular to reform something, and if the supply of muck does not peter out, it looks as though we might en-

joy the blessings of reformation for some time yet.

We still have political parties to which we may belong, which give us opportunity to lambaste each other and to say slanderous things under the mantle of party spirit, which means safety for the libeler. Again, our parties afford us opportunity for dissension and furnish problems. Thus it appears that we shall not be without a jumping-jingo's equipment for some time.

We have so many applicants for every political office that we do not have to exert ourselves looking for them. We toss the offices out into the highway, letting the applicants scramble for them, knowing well that after the scramble no office will be lying unpossessed.

Altogether, as you may readily see, our resources for this business of life are varied and many. But I wonder if the devil keeps the books!

CHAPTER II

THE BIG FIGHT

The big fight is not between Jeffries and Johnson. No! No! It is between a white and a black principle. The big fight to-day is for freedom of utterance on social questions.

The man who, without fear, speaks out on social questions is likely to be chased if he will run.

The liberty of utterance needed to-day is not on theological themes. There are people who will grant you freedom to express yourself on miracles done in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, but when you talk about the miracle of the growing brotherhood of to-day they will remove your epidermis if you do not have a tendency to carefulness. Most churches to-day will grant to their ministers liberty to follow St. Paul about Asia Minor and even to talk back at Paul, but when the minister comes home and says a word or two about present-day social un-

righteousness, the people, who think that they are the church, will rise and open the trap-door.

There is no difficulty in winning the commendation of the heaven-hereafter hopers. One needs merely to talk about the birds of paradise and of the wing-traveling over yonder.

But one runs risks unnamed when he says that heaven hereafter depends upon heaven here, and that social service and social sanitation are the conditions of an individual entrance to immortality.

In community life the human parasites thrive and multiply. They live because legitimate interests give them the privilege. These business interests, along with all other community interests, suffer as a result of the parasites. But woe unto the man who says so,—who presumes to point out to legitimate business the parasites that crawl over it. Business men to-day,—eight out of ten of them, at least,—will give the stony stare when they meet him who has pointed out the vermin on the back of business. But business men will shell out gladly for the uplift of the heathen who fringe the Sahara.

One can, with a sense of safety, plead the cause of a naked Hottentot baby. Let him, however, plead the cause of a half-naked baby of a saloon-ruined family in America, and the piety of ample abdomen will grind its axe.

No large intelligence is needed to be politically popular. If you hanker after that, just commend the judicial astuteness of Balaam's traveling companion. Stand by the party, right or wrong—generally wrong. Be a stand-patter, no matter how much green scum collects on your intellectual pond. Feed the political parasites just as your grand-daddy did.

On the other hand, should you have an indiscreet inclination to wish to count one in political economy, defend the doctrine of democratic independence, and proclaim your belief in the idea that political leadership is only for service of the state, you would not be notified that Tuesday was election day.

I knew a man who was out of town on the registration days and who stood in line three hours on the day appointed for delayed registration. When he came at length into the august presence of the bottle-built registration board they told him that his excuse was

inexcusable. As he went out he saw Red Nose Charley, whose price was $2.00, allowed registration with much courtesy.

The big fight to-day is for liberty of expression in churches, among business interests, and in political life. The liberty of expression we must have is on social righteousness. Theological themes will keep in cold storage, but lively social themes need discussion now.

CHAPTER III

"DON'T SPIT HERE. MAN BELOW"

The other week as I was passing along a Denver street I saw a sign over a grating in the sidewalk. It bore the words which head this chapter. I take it that the sign grew out of the experience of the man below. Necessity inspired the text.

The Man Below has originated more reforms than the Man Above whose life story goes into the school readers; yet half the time we never see him. The rattle of his shovel or the banging of boxes is about the only way we become aware of his presence.

The Man Above, sprinting by about his upper-air pursuits, does not hear the racket below, so he spits through the grating. For that matter, I don't know that it would make any difference if he did hear the racket. He would probably spit anyhow.

The Man Below growls a great deal these days. But so would you, brother of man, if you were below the grating.

It makes a great deal of difference on which side of the grating your job takes you.

Put below the grating the manicured, pink-cheeked, tailor-pressed, composed office magnate, loved of man and woman, and he would growl like thirty bears, even if no one spit his way oftener than once in sixty days.

It seems to me that it would be pretty hard to work below that grating, with the possibility of an unintermittent expectoration from above. I have never been down there at a permanent job. I never even went a-slumming. Nor have I secured a job among the toilers in order to get copy for lectures, magazines, or sermons. I have never ridden the blind baggage with London, nor nosed about slaughter-pens with Sinclair, nor turned tramp with Flyndt, nor worked at odd jobs across the continent with Wyckoff.

Nor have I ever, that I can remember, spit through a grating on the Man Below.

However, just by use of my imagination, I think it would be unpleasant,—to say nothing of unhealthful,—below the grating.

The Man Below has a right to be heard. I am glad he raises a rumpus till he gets a sign up. I do not care how many street-cor-

ner harangues he makes. I always stop and listen to him, and whenever he bears the indisputable marks of the heedlessness and the vileness of those above I take sides with him. Unfortunately, you cannot always tell for sure about the justice of his plaint. There are those who have got into the habit of telling all about how they were treated below the grating who were never down there.

But when sincerity gets on a box at a street corner I pipe up from the amen corner.

I said that most reforms originated down below. I think that is true. Fat, full-fed brewers above don't carry on the temperance reform. The sufferers and their sympathizers, spit on from the brewers' autos, urge that reform.

The optimistic monopolist did not start the Federal investigations of corporations. The consumer below the grating set up his groaning and anathemas first. The stand-patter did not backslide from the faith of things as they are. It was the insurgent, tired of being spit on, who did that.

Christianity did not have its beginning in a synagogue above on a hill; it started in a carpenter shop in the valley.

I am glad the Man Below has had and still has a voice. Aren't you?

But don't think that I think that the Man Below is the custodian of all righteousness. He is wrong sometimes. Everybody is wrong some of the time. The Man Above who spits below is wrong. The Man Below who howls when nobody has spit through the grating is wrong.

And you can take this as an uninspired truth,— that the presence of that grated hole is a monstrous wrong. That hole should be filled up; then the Man Below and the Man Above would get acquainted.

Getting acquainted is the solution of the social problem.

CHAPTER IV

OVERALLS AND THE WHITE VEST

Manual labor is no less dignified than mental labor. It should be held in no less esteem. It will not be held in less honor when manual labor and mental labor are combined. The trouble is they are too often separated.

The hands grow calloused while the mind grows soft; or the mind grows calloused while the hands grow soft. Keep the manual laborer always in overalls and the mental laborer always in a white vest, and you will always keep the labor and social problem. But let the mental laborer sometimes don overalls, and the manual laborer sometimes slip on a white vest, and society will have been eased of controversy and of war.

The labor and social tragedy of to-day has three actors: the man afraid to sweat his body, the man afraid to sweat his mind, and the devil. The last personage walks arm in arm between the other two.

CHAPTER V

WHY DON'T THEY EAT CAKE?

A question asked by a certain female aristocrat, when it was reported to her that people were starving for lack of bread, is quoted with more or less frequency by those who pretend to be the prophet deliverers of the proletaire. The question was "Why don't they eat cake?" There is always a poorly concealed, satisfied "te-hee" following the reference to that classic question. As if that soft and silly woman really did not know that where bread was lacking cake was probably lacking also!

I have not come to the defense of the would-be queen. I do not care whether she was really a fool or but seemed to be one. However, there is a sense in which that question was not so rawly naïve as seems apparent at first glance. It suggests a possibility. Verily, why did the hungry not eat cake? Probably they could have done so if—there is always an "if" of course. In this case the

"if" leads to an unusual subjunctive. It is possible that those without bread might have had cake had they desired.

I do not advocate the sad satisfaction of the socialite,—if I may coin a word. I urge the initiative of the individual. I believe that there are thousands of people breadless who might be eating cake. I do not mean that cake is a sufficient or a proper diet. I merely accept the current conception of life plus, and say that life minus carries with it its own responsibility. Certain people who are dirty, disgruntled, and devilish could eat cake if they wanted to. They are chewing tobacco, and smoking, and drinking beer, and eating penny ice cream cones, and going to picture shows, and giving up their chances for cake. They are not objects for pity. They are subjects for truth.

The problem of the proletaire is no problem at all. It is a deficiency north of the neck. It is such a deficiency both in the problem-solvers and in the so-called problem-folks.

For the man without bread a municipal bake shop is a "nice" thing. For those who establish and run it the municipal bake shop

is a "darling" idea. "Nice" things for the proletaire and darling ideas for the socialite! So goes the pen-pusher's propaganda.

In order to get the proper effect there is always a contrast arranged between the slum and the not-slum, between the hand toilers and the other workers,—only there are no other workers according to the socialite.

Louis Baury, in an article in the *Bookman* a while ago, built up a background of Christmas plenty among the comfortable, and then placed against it the slum necessity. That article was a sample of current journalistic reporting. To say anything to-day about the deficiencies of life the average writer,—or agitator,— thinks that he must use all the oh-dear-me phraseology available. That is why we do not get anywhere with our problem. We melodramatically howl and pose.

There is a picture by Bradford Ker entitled, "From the Depths." It shows a banquet hall,—linen, candles, statuary, women *décollettées,* men shirt-bosomed à la mode. The dining is going merrily, boisterously on. The lower part of the picture gives a view beneath the floor. There innumerable human beings, male and female, support on their bent,

naked, sweat-smeared backs, the tessellated pavement. One giant of the proletaire has thrust his clenched fist upward through the floor, and fright, panic, scurry, overturned chairs and candelabra, women in men's arms, and men dismayed at sight of the threatening fist are pictured above in the banquet hall.

We sense what the artist means, but in order that we may not have any doubt as to the meaning, he writes his comment, namely: "The labor of the proletaire is what keeps the mechanism of society in motion, and the proletaire's reward is a condition little better than slavery."

It is the continuous production of just such pictures and of just such writing which causes the social unrest of to-day. The picture is unnecessarily sensational and the writing is unnecessarily untruthful. The proletaire's labor is not the only labor which keeps society in motion. The labor of the folks who have cake is just as necessary.

Society cannot be glibly divided into workers down below and shirkers up above. There are workers in both places and there are shirkers in both places. There are just as many idle poor as there are idle rich, and there are

proportionately just as many working rich as there are working poor.

Mental labor is fully as essential as muscular labor,—sometimes more so,—because without it the way to labor with the hands would not be understood. The manual laborer who thinks that the total profits belong to his class has as his greatest competitor the brawny ape.

We hear that the spending of the millionaire is criminal, and that it excites unrest and curses on the part of the manual toiler. But why should it? If the millionaire spends a million does it not circulate the money? Do not the manual laborers get employment thereby? Suppose that the millionaire buried his money, or gave it to Bathless Bill?

The pleaders of the manual laborers' cause overlook facts. They fail to consider individuals. They classify society into hostile camps. With them it is proletaire and aristocrat, no bread and all cake.

What the manual laborer needs,—needs more than he needs a union and a walking delegate,—is sense and self-reliance.

I have seen it stated that the reason organized labor contributed so liberally and

promptly to the McNamara defense fund was because it honestly believed that the McNamara brothers were innocent. As I note the spirit of organized labor I do not think that was the reason. The reason was a blind fool desire to spring to the defense of the labor union. The labor union can do no wrong! Our American brainlessness makes us defend our ism, no matter what it does, simply because we belong.

Now let no one who works with his hands think that by my unwillingness to accept the labor union and socialism and syndicalism I am defending the snobbish, useless rich. I have no other purpose in writing thus than to call attention to the danger of class distinctions, to the untruth of social schemes, and to emphasize that individual sense and initiative are the needs among manual and mental toilers alike. The former might have cake, if they wanted it, instead of being breadless. The rich man might have bread, if he wanted it, instead of being surfeited with cake.

CHAPTER VI

CAMP-MEETING HOT AIR

If you will come into the tent and get on the front seat, I will harangue a bit on industry. I am not going to talk of physical labor. For, while it is true that "physical laziness is the father of poverty and the grandfather of theft," industry is more than physical activity. Its seat is not the hand but the inner man.

This is the era of the working man. He makes himself heard and would have you believe that the worker with his hands is the only foundation of the state.

That is a good war-whoop, but it is not a fact.

The laborer with his hands is as essential to civilization as any one kind of laborer, but not more so. Every mechanic may have personal interest in the Carpenter of Nazareth because he was a mechanic. I also have an interest in him because he loved nature. But neither the mechanic nor I has a right to

monopolize Jesus Christ. He is the Saviour of all kinds of workers and teachers.

The Man from Nazareth is the Redeemer of society; and society is a bigger term than socialism.

When I speak of industry I am speaking of the working soul, not of the working hand. A man may work with his muscle and be indolent; he may work with his artist's brush or chisel and be indolent. But if he work with his soul, then his muscle, his brush, his chisel, or his pen will evidence his industry. Save the working soul and you have saved society. Save the working man, in the limited sense with which we use that expression, and you have saved, at most, the labor union.

We need to talk more about industrious souls. We need to call some meetings in their behalf. We are working the cause of our mouths and our hands over time, and our poor souls are getting scant attention.

There are two things about an industrious soul which are noteworthy.

An industrious soul is discriminating. It looks into moral questions with fully as much care as that of the man who puts his pocketbook under his pillow at night. Plato was

not far wrong when he said, "All misdoing has its beginning in stupidity."

An industrious soul is an all round soul, fully statured. Its ideal is not a sunlit cloud above the head. It is in front of its feet.

A discriminating soul and an all round soul can tackle the fact of life.

CHAPTER VII

THE WORKER PROBLEM

It is my personal opinion, borne out by some illustrations which have come within my attention, that it is time to say less about the labor problem and more about the worker problem. In the noise of the labor problem, —noise made by both those who fear and those who welcome a solution,—the much more important problem of the worker is unheard. In fact there are few who say anything about it. It is so simple and so plain that it is not seen. It is so important that a windy age blows over it unheeding.

The labor problem is stated in many terms; for instance, take the following expressions. An eight hour day, maximum wage, limitation of apprentices, the union versus the scab, the strike, the boycott, the lockout, the picket, the strike breaker, the walking delegate, the mob, the destruction of property, the haughty employer, etc., etc.

The labor problem is a problem because to state it is a problem.

The worker problem, on the other hand, may be stated in few words, namely: the unwillingness to please by doing good work.

The labor problem can be solved in to-day and half of to-morrow by each worker saying, "I want to please by doing good work."

It is time for workers to unionize themselves on the principle of pleasing by doing good work, and to cease unionizing on the principle that to the worker belongs the maximum spoils by the minimum of effort. Many a man thinks the Millennium of Labor waits on eight hours a day and sixty cents an hour.

The fact is that the Millennium of Labor waits on willingness to please by doing good work.

To-day eight out of every ten workers carry a chip on the shoulder. Those who do not succeed by their willingness to please. The eight are always swapping grievances. The two are down for promotion at the next opportunity.

Did you ever ask a train conductor a question when he came down the aisle to punch your ticket? Did you, as he slackened not in

passing, stretch yourself over the three seats behind in order to get his inarticulate answer? He was one of the eight who furnish the worker problem.

Did you ever give a job of work to a printer and have to cull out one-tenth of it because of careless press work and poor attention to copy? That printer was one of the eight who furnish the worker problem.

Did you ever have your floors marred by a hobnailed piano mover? He was one of the eight who furnish the worker problem.

Did you ever engage a plumber to do a bit of work and have him come, toolless and minus material, to look at your job, and charge you at plumber's rates for the looking? He was one of the eight.

Did you ever have a painter apply brick-dust and gasoline to your floor or to your house? He was of the eight.

Did you ever have a butcher weigh his hand at pork rates? He was one of the eight.

Did you ever hear a preacher talk, with his left ear pointed in the direction of the heavy contributor? He was one of the eight.

Did you ever note the man who sought po-

litical office for dignity and plums? He was one of the eight.

Of course, you have seen all these types, because I have; and my eyes are no better than yours.

But let us not forget the two who want to please by doing good work. Let us travel on their trains. Let us give them our printing, our piano moving, our plumbing work, and our painting. Let us buy our meat at their shops. Let us go to hear them preach. Let us move into the ward where they are aldermen.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW ABOUT INDEMNITY FOR THE EMPLOYER?

We are up to our armpits in legislation. Would-be-heard-of-right-quick legislators are adding to our misery, because it is only a matter of time until the waves of legislation will wash over our heads.

Of all this deluge that rises and floods us,—pouring out of legislative halls as the perennial spring from the cave in the hills,—about three-fourths of it may be called classically "fool legislation."

With all due respect to those who are sincerely fumbling with social amelioration, I think that the agitation which, in the case of the accidental injury or the death of an employee, would legislate from one to three years' salary out of an employer deserves to be classed with the three-fourths.

In some cases, no doubt, a money compensation, given to an employee or to his surviving family for accident or death, may rightly

be demanded. In other cases it is radically unjust. More accidents are due to the carelessness of the employee or to his unreasonable demands than to the failure of the employer to provide safety appliances.

In all kinds of work the unexpected may happen,—accidents may occur. Sitting here quietly at my table, with the wind a gale outside, my neighbor's chimney may topple and crash upon me. The chimney is secure apparently. My neighbor is certainly not responsible for the wind.

Both employer and employee take chances when they run a shop, whether they manufacture gravestones or sell groceries. If the employee has a right to indemnity from the employer, the employer has an equal right to it from the employee.

The new social labor gospel is the proclamation that the employer and employee are partners; so the employee insists upon having a share of the profits. Very well. Then let the employee partner meet his obligation to indemnify his employer partner just as he wants the employer to indemnify him. The Golden Rule when properly worked operates both ways.

Many a careless employee has cost his employer dollars of property. He has beaten his live stock and ruined his lathes. He has torn down his fences and broken his windows. The employer has footed the bills. When, through careless, indifferent service from employees, an employer loses trade and goes bankrupt, how often do the employees assist him to his feet financially? The question needs no answer.

There are two sides to the obligation between the employer and the employee. If both are partners in profits, both are partners in losses. If an employee steps on a nail in the east end of a board and demands indemnity, then if his employer steps on a nail in the west end of the same board, the employer has a right to demand indemnity also.

However, instead of either demanding indemnity or urging sundry sentimental legislative measures, their time had better be directed to an attempt to ascertain how the board with the nails happened to be there or to removing the nails from both ends.

That is the way it seems to one who is neither an employer nor an employee.

CHAPTER IX

THE LATEST COMBINE

It is a feeble year which cannot give birth to a new monopolistic adjustment. All problems are merely different social adjustments. One day eleven rich men combine and pinch the consumer. The next day eleven poor men combine and pinch the consumer.

The results are the same for the consumer. He is pinched.

There is neither vice nor virtue in possessions. There is neither vice nor virtue in lack of possessions.

The vice or virtue inheres in the combined individuals, whether they be "paupers patrician or paupers plebeian."

The consumer is footballed about the gridiron, between the manicured and the calloused elevens. Sometimes one side kicks a goal. Most of the time the consumer is fumbled.

Now this sort of thing has been going on for some time in this extremely socialistic day.

The two elevens have been getting more and more acquainted with each other. Once in a while they have opened a bottle together after the first half, giving the football a moment's rest in the November rain.

So it has been a natural thing that there should come about a monopolistic readjustment. It is a sort of an all-star team of picked men from both sides. The football can expect more lively handling next season than ever.

Of course it is not to be supposed that this all-star team was picked in an open convention of both elevens. That is not the method of forming new combines. The ostensible purpose must always be sufficiently ostensible to hide the real purpose.

I quote a news report in order to show the way in which the preliminaries to the all-star formation were arranged.

"The most significant labor convention in the history of the United States took place at the Amsterdam Opera House, New York, on Sunday, Sept. 25th. It was a joint meeting of 3,000 delegates of the four railway brotherhoods, vested with authority from 350,000 railroad workmen on 63 lines east of the Mis-

sissippi River. That meeting directed its chiefs to go to Washington and appeal to the Government of the United States for a square deal to their employers.

"It was the first great labor meeting in history which went on record with the declaration that the interests of employers and employed are identical."

Do you see the initial stages of the latest combine? Do you see how an all-star aggregation is to be got together?

As a consumer, you may have thought it was pretty tough to be swatted back and forth between the employers' eleven and the employees' eleven. But that has not been a circumstance to the lively time you will have when the all-star bunch gets after you. It will kick goals from the field just as fast as it can toss you back into place. In every game the lining will be knocked out of several consumers.

In recent years the railroads have been more or less unable to play the game as of yore. There has been a stringent revision of the rules. Legislation in the interest of the consuming public has been enacted. The game has been getting stiffer and stiffer.

Wherever it has been possible to ignore the rules, it has been done. In fact, the railroad policy is "never do anything for the public unless compelled, and not even then if it be possible, through the manipulation and delays of parasitic lawyers and courts, to evade the compulsion."

Given one railway and no competition, the result is unsatisfactory service, insolence from headquarters when information is sought, delays, and so on.

The greatest single factor to-day in Sunday smashing is the railroad excursion, with its cheap-rate limited tickets.

Unjust, unequal freight rates are notorious. Not a little of the increased cost of living is due to exorbitant freight rates.

This indictment of the railroads is none too strong. Its chief fault is incompleteness. What more natural than a new tack on the part of the railroads to gain their ends?

First,—Train material has gone up, wages too, and rates have been lowered by legislation; ergo, railroads into receivers' hands, which is simply a new combination of capitalists.

Second,—Railroad employees find threat-

ened lower wages staring them in the face.

Third,—Secret overtures are made to the labor unions by the railroads. "Increase of wages, dear boys, if you will fix Uncle Sam, for we can't. He is suspicious of us. He does not suspect you." With this as a sop, the labor unions assemble and instruct their delegates to Washington. And so the all-star eleven gets a start.

"The action of the brotherhoods was not based on a sudden inspiration," says the news report. "There was no tumultuous hysteria. It was manifest that the proposal to stand by the companies had been the topic of debate in every lodge in the country for months heretofore. And the delegates came to the Council with one idea in mind, namely: that the employees were in the selfsame boat with the employers."

Why, to be sure! How a boat reveals the inwardness of social schemes, whether the program be labor-union or capitalistic.

"The lobbyists for the brotherhoods will depart from their methods heretofore, and boost for the companies as well as for themselves."

And may the devil take the public.

The tactics of a monopolist are the same,—undemocratic and selfish,—whether he be employer or employee.

The labor union is impeached to-day by its struggle solely for pelf. The capitalistic class is impeached before the bar of democracy by its attempt to gain pelf.

The socialism of the capitalist and of the labor union man is the socialism of pelf. It is the consumer who loses his skin. When the consumer becomes an ardent advocate of individualism the soul of brotherhood will be born.

CHAPTER X

PROFESSORIAL PUNK

Mr. Walter Rauschenbusch, professor of Church History in the Rochester Theological Seminary, writes books mainly on social themes. I have been reading recently his book entitled, "Christianity and the Social Crisis."

We have had it dinged into us by socialites for so long that there is a crisis on board the ship of civilization that one naturally wishes to find out what the beast looks like. So, armed with a stout stick, I went down into the dark to see if I could get a glimpse of it. I had expected to find the whiskers of this crisis beast gray with age; but I had no idea that the whole beast would be gray. It is a pretty senile proposition, this social crisis. No wonder Mr. Rauschenbusch uses decayed logic when he gives the biography of the beast.

We have here the academic mind superficially alert to "problems." To drop the beast

figure and use another more elegant, I will say that our writers on social themes climb the tree and experiment with the branches whereas the trouble lies in the root. All social trouble is in the heart of the individual.

I am not writing a review of "Christianity and the Social Crisis." I am putting down a few thoughts of my own, interspersed with quotations from the professor. Of necessity my paragraphs will then be unrelated. Quotation marks indicate the passages from the book.

There is no such thing as a social unit. Nothing is social first.

What we need more than social righteousness is individual balance and calm enjoyment of life near at hand.

Ritual and creed are purely social developments; so when the socialist attacks ritual and creed he smites the things for which he is himself responsible.

The trouble to-day is not that men, nominally Christian, believe in salvation by the machinery of religion and are not ethically religious; the trouble is that their belief is habit, and their neglect is indifference.

The professor says: "It is important to note

that the morality which the prophets had in mind in their insistence on righteousness was not the private morality of the home, but public morality."

It is more than strange that any one should fail to see that if a man is really moral at home, he will be moral on the street.

How can a nation right social wrongs unless the individual citizens are willing to do it?

The capitalist and the aristocrat of booze would not bulk big if the proletaire did not buy the booze.

It is passing strange that any one should fail to see that the only "Day of Jehovah" is that day when the individual achieves some effective amount of righteousness.

You read and read in Rauschenbusch to find the "social interpretation of the gospel," as he calls it, but you never find it. What is it? Who knows? The gospel of Jesus is simple enough to be comprehended. It is individual righteousness and fervor. The socialite, who thinks that he is discovering something new in the New Testament, had better look in the mirror for a donkey.

To be a consistent socialite one would have

to believe that there was not a single Jesus, but a whole family of Jesuses.

What John the Baptist did was to take away the social conception of the Kingdom, and to put in its place an individualistic one.

The people wanted a Messianic cataclysm which would bring the Kingdom of Heaven ready-made down from the skies. Jesus said that the Kingdom would have to grow up among them in their separate lives. They were socialites. He was an individualist.

The professor says: "Jesus worked on individuals and through individuals; but his end was not individualistic. It was social." That is like saying, 2 plus 2 equals 4; but 4 is not 4. It is 5.

The professor says that "Jesus appreciated the heroic generosity of the poor." I do not think that the poor are any more generous than the not poor.

Our social urgers seem to think that it is a unique thing when two men speak to each other. But when was a true individual not social?

We hear the church criticised because of its costly houses of worship; and it is said that money in such buildings is wasted. But it is

a deal more sensible to put money into such pieces of architecture than to put it into soda fountains, tobacco warehouses, breweries, automobiles, and moving picture shows.

Suppose there had never been any private property to sell! How about the communism of the Jerusalem church to which the socialist often makes appeal? It would have been rather skimpy, don't you think? Ananias and Sapphira were the only sensible ones; for they kept back part for the next time. Of course this does not excuse their falsehood.

I wonder if, with all the dining together of the Apostolic days, there was not a great deal of indigestion privately experienced?

The professor says: "If the old gospel of individualism should hereafter change into the new gospel of socialism," and so on. Individualism is not an old gospel. It is new. It is socialism that is old and weazen and feeble. It dates back to the day Eve and the serpent entered into partnership.

The income tax, the inheritance tax, the single tax, and the old age pensions, are as asinine as legislation can become without ears.

Anent private landownership the professor says: "The first comers are well placed; but

how about those who press up hungry through our ports and gates of birth?" Easy to answer. The son finds land awaiting him when the father passes on,—if the father has been industrious. As for those who come through the ports, if they are not incompetent and anarchistic, they have a chance to work and to save as every one has done who has gained possession of land.

My observation of the socialist is that he is short on facts and long on suppositions. The professor says: "Already the current of immigration, which no longer finds a ready outlet to the land, is choking in the cities." It may be choking in the cities, but not because there is no land space outside the cities. I would like to lead the professor through the Ozarks for a week or two. He would get new light through his legs. In this country land lies everywhere untilled, and wasted when tilled.

The professor says: "Throughout our country those locations which give access to special opportunities are rapidly being absorbed. The most beautiful locations along our seashores and on our lakes and rivers are bought up and people are fenced out from

natural beauty and pleasure." The poor dears! Did they go there before they were fenced out? Not they! They went to the movies seven times a week.

The professor thinks that a city lot which rises in value because it is fortunately located should not be allowed to increase the wealth of an individual. But why discriminate against a city lot? The city house is also made valuable through its fortunate location. All property is, for that matter, so increased in value. Therefore, the single tax is the idea of a single-barrel intellect.

There is no reason for city congestion. In this day of rapid transit people may live far out, and get to their places of employment in less time than the village farm hand. The unimproved lot is not responsible for city crowding, as Rauschenbusch claims. The gregarious tendency of dependent humanity is responsible. A slum is always in the mind first.

The professor says: "In capitalistic production there is a coöperation between two distinct groups. A small group which owns all the material factors of land and machinery; a large group which owns nothing but the personal factor of human labor power. No at-

tempt is made to allot to the workman his share of the profits of the joint work. Instead, he is paid a fixed wage."

How the workman would howl if his compensation was a share of the profits, and some month or some year there should not be any profits. What the socialist workman wants is a fixed wage and also a share of the profits, so that he will get there going and coming. But a fixed wage for the workman is equivalent to an uncertain six per cent for the capitalist.

The professor says: "In our business life to-day we have individualism." Maybe; but no one has been able to point it out. What we really have is a mongrel strife.

The socialist desires a system of profit-sharing. Where farms are rented on shares we have the profit-sharing theory in practice. Is it a success there? It is a success there only to the extent that the renter is a good farmer.

The professor says: "There is little opportunity for a man to put his personal stamp on his work. The medieval craftsman could rise to be an artist by working well at his craft. The modern factory hand cannot." True. The past fact that goes along with the present sad

truth is that the system of the medieval craftsman was individualistic.

What we need to-day is teaching that will make the individual worker,—whether in overalls or in a white vest,—provident in husbanding his wage, and not so willing to depend upon an old age pension. I know a man who has had an average wage of less than a thousand dollars yearly for twelve years. He owes no man, and has saved a penny or two.

The professor says: "Wherever the economic condition of any class is hopeful and improving there is an increase of the birth-rate. Wherever there is economic disaster or increasing pressure there is a decline in the birth-rate." This is disproved by the large families of the poor.

The professor says: "There must be either a revival of social religion or there will be a deluge." The only deluge on record occurred because there was too much social religion.

The professor continues: "The pulpit has been more concerned with the fact that some individuals were barred from a job by the unions than with the fact that the entire wage-working class is debarred from the land, from the tools of production, and from a fair share

in the proceeds of production." This leads me to the root of syndicalism, viz., the manual laborer has a right to all that he produces. We need to remember that there would not be a man in the ditch if some other man had not surveyed the pipe line; and the other man would not have surveyed the pipe line, had still another man not put up the cash. Yet syndicalists write, "The employer who makes a profit out of the labor of another man is a robber!" Such a writer overlooks the employer's care, worry, and mental toil, and in many cases manual toil also. The employer should not be compensated; to the hired man belong all the spoils! The syndicalist does not take notice of the careless, irresponsible worker. Such a one as, for instance, rented two hundred acres of fertile land last year, and returned to the owner a bare two and a half per cent on his investment, while at the same time the owner donated his services.

The author's idea is that truth is in the possession of the "common people." This is the mistake of all socialites. They fail to comprehend human nature. There are periodic, spasmodic movements in favor of the "common people." We need constant activities for

the development of the "uncommon people." There is no social salvation via the "common people." They are the problem.

"Religious individualism," says Rauschenbusch, "lacks triumphant faith in the possible sovereignty of Jesus Christ in all human affairs, and it lacks the vision and herald voice to proclaim his ever present conquest and enthronement." I wonder how the professor found that out!

"Socialism," says the professor, "means that the workman shall be both owner and worker, as the farmer who tills the soil or the housewife in her home. This would end the present insecurity." I take it that the professor supposes that every farmer pays his debts and raises fat shoats, and that every housewife keeps a clean dish-rag and a floor swept behind the piano.

The punk has burned out.

CHAPTER XI

SOME FOOLISHNESS FROM EDWARD CARPENTER

Edward Carpenter is just such a man as the rest of us. He has written some wise things; then again he has pencilled some surprisingly foolish ideas.

I point here to a bit of his foolishness.

Do you know that I think that we are too much inclined to accept men and their teachings, without separating the chaff and the wheat? Writers and speakers are certain to advance along with good common sense, theories unwarranted by history and unusable in life.

The individual who thinks carefully will not accept without discrimination the ideas of another. With the exception of the Galilean no teacher has been entirely consistent. That is the reason why I believe so thoroughly in individualism. I respect the man who is not stampeded by social vagaries.

Here is the case of Edward Carpenter. In his book, "Civilization, Its Cause and Cure," he says:

"Civilization began with the private ownership of property, and so created a class of landless aliens, and a whole system of rent, mortgage, interest, etc. It introduced slavery, serfdom, and wage labor, which are only various forms of the dominance of one class over another. Then to rivet these authorities, it created the state and the policeman."

What about this peculiarly worded statement?

"Civilization began with the private ownership of property." That is to be granted. But the conclusion,—"and so created a class of landless aliens, and a whole system of rent, mortgage, and interest," is wide of the truth.

This latter statement is utterly unworthy of credence, because it condemns rent, mortgage, and interest, by joining to it the expression, "landless aliens."

The private ownership of property did not create landless aliens. Landless aliens created themselves.

A single man, by his use of will and intellect, gained the ownership of one acre of land.

Nine others,—who might have owned a razor-back hog, at least,—began to envy and criticise the man who had been more energetic than they. This is more nearly the truth of the propertyowning proposition.

To-day in America any man can get land, if he wants it. It is to be had almost for the taking. The trouble is men prefer a landless condition in the smother and smell of the city.

Now, to turn to rent, interest, mortgage, etc. What indictment can reasonably be made against them?

If a man owns a piece of property and pays taxes on it, improving it to a certain extent, and then allows me to live in the house which he has built, or cultivate the land for my profit, I owe him rental money for the use of his property. That is reasonable. If I buy an acre of land and, not having the money payment, am permitted to take possession, what is the social crime of my being asked to give a mortgage? The interest on a mortgage is nothing but rental money, which is, as pointed out above, reasonable to reasonable men. The trouble is socialism is not overly gifted with reason.

The abuses of the private ownership sys-

tem are what need to be abolished, not the system. Rent and interest are the straw men of the socialists.

Rev. R. J. Campbell, whose socialistic proclivities have been more or less aired, says:

"By what natural right or title does any man claim to appropriate one foot of the earth, and exclude his fellow creatures from it except on the condition that they shall provide him with a share of what they draw from it? Rent and interest are therefore immoral."

That sort of reasoning is about on the level with "My name is Smith, your name is Jones. Therefore, Jones, you are a devil."

"By what natural right," etc., queries Campbell. That is just what it is,—natural. The right to own an acre of land and demand rent from the one who uses it, is neither supernatural nor artificial. If a man earns an acre of land, and passes the use of it on to another man, rent is the owner's share of the produce,—often a small share, sometimes too great, but, nevertheless, a legitimate arrangement. The man who uses the land should pay rent as his contribution for what he has not earned. A per cent of the rent in turn goes into taxes which benefit the community.

Rent is money earned from land which is furnished and improved by the owner, and tilled by the renter.

Taxes are a per cent of the rental, and therefore owner and tenant have combined in the payment of those taxes.

So the thing that the socialist agitates for is already an item in private ownership and taxes, viz., community of effort.

Can it be that the socialist agitates because he does not wish to meet the demands of co-operation?

CHAPTER XII

A LITTLE WISDOM FROM EDWARD CARPENTER

Yes, I think there is room to show what I meant in the preceding essay by "use of discrimination." Here is a wise thing which Edward Carpenter has also written in "Civilization, Its Cause and Cure."

"It can hardly be doubted that the tendency will be—indeed already is showing itself—towards a return to nature and community of human life. This is the way back to the lost Eden, or rather forward to the new Eden, of which the old was only a figure."

"Man has only to undo the wrappings and the mummydoms of centuries," he continues, "by which he has shut himself from the light of the sun, and lain in seeming death, preparing silently for his glorious resurrection. He has to emerge from houses and from all his hiding places wherein so long ashamed (as at the voice of God in the Garden) he concealed himself—and nature must once more

become his home, as it is the home of the animals and the angels."

Now, I call that really fine,—especially that last phrase which speaks of nature as the home of the animals and the angels.

Then Carpenter continues worthily enough, I think:

"Some day we shall again understand what the Greeks, in the very sunrise of true art, understood. Possibly some day we shall again build our houses, or dwelling-places, so simple and elemental in character, that they will fit in the nooks of the hills, or along the banks of the streams, or by the edges of the woods, without disturbing the harmony of the landscape or the songs of the birds."

Here Mr. Carpenter has touched upon what is,—to every one who likes nature and has even the hint of an artistic temperament,—a very important consideration. Dwellings should fit into the landscape, and should be located with some regard to scenic outlook. I think that I may say, with moderation, that two-thirds of American dwellings are illustrations of a complete disregard for the possibilities of the natural surroundings. Again and again I have wondered at the stupidity which

chooses the most unpromising building site on the property. Why does a man who is fortunate enough to own a hillside,—from which may be seen ten, twenty or thirty miles of valley, and mountain, and stream, or lake,—place his dwelling where no outlook is possible?

It is a considerable distance from Gary, Indiana, to Greece.

III

WHILLIKINS,—THE QUEER

CHAPTER I

TACT OR DO-NOTHINGISM

Three men were in conference with a fourth. One of the three was somewhat shy of balance north of the neck. At a stage in the consultation he banged his chair-arm with his fist, screwed his mouth up like the hole the rats made in the back of the granary, and declared he would ! ! ! . ? ? ! ! ?, etc. Then he bolted through the door, expecting his two companions to follow him. But they did not.

After the exodus of their rat-hole friend the elder of the remaining two said: "I don't like that spirit in brother ——. He is wrong." The younger replied: "I don't either. I don't see what ails him." Then spoke up the man with whom the three had been in conference. "Why did you not tell him that? It would have effectually muffled his exhaust. You admit he is wrong. Why let him bamboozle you?"

"Oh," replied the twain in concert, "that would not have been 'tact'."

If there are any two words in the English language which need relegating to the etymological limbo, they are "tact" and "strenuous." Of Teddy's favorite I will speak anon. Just now a word about "tact."

There may have been a time when "tact" was worthy of attention because of what it really meant. It meant originally not to step on a man's corns just as you were about to take his subscription for your pet charity.

In these latter days "tact" has become the refuge of laissez faire. Men who would excuse their unwillingness to seize a condition by its ears plead "tact." They say they don't want to stir up trouble, when all the time they are the green vegetables in a stew of trouble underneath which the man with the rat-hole mouth keeps the fires burning.

The bulldozer maintains his lease on life by virtue of the "tact" of his victims. Let an acquiescent man of "tact" suddenly stiffen up along the backbone and hand the bulldozer a few pellets, and that individual will soon look like a cat chewing pigeon-grass.

So called "tact," to-day, is nothing but an overpowering disinclination to count for something. It is do-nothingism, and do-nothing-

ism is death overlooked by the sanitary police and the undertaker.

I would stiffen up that backbone, if I were you, and say somewhat to the man with the rat-hole mouth.

CHAPTER II

MODERN BUSINESS VS. REAL BUSINESS

This is a day when modern business claims to be the all important activity in human life. It arrogates to itself the place of supreme worthiness. The modern business man is said to be the twentieth-century Savior. He is the man to save the home, the church, the state, the nation. Modern business management is supposed to point the way to individual and social peace, profit, and plenty.

Now just how much is there to all this palaver?

At the outset let me say that I think genuine business is desirable everywhere. Busyness, or the state of ordered activity, is good everywhere. For its lack many a matter goes awry. Business is a sensible activity when it is really business. But I have a belief that two-thirds of what calls itself modern business is unbusinesslike in its activities.

Real business is the reasonable spirit of effi-

ciency which may hover around a palette, as well as around a pork barrel. It may sit in the study as well as in the mercantile office. It may saunter along country roads at sunset, as well as whirl rapidly along steel rails at noonday. The real business spirit may worship God quietly within the church, as well as run for the legislature.

All this is gladly recognized by me, but I still have space to criticise what assumes the name but lacks the spirit of business. Two-thirds of modern business is inefficient effort directed toward secondary achievement. Modern business, so-called, is demanding the center of the stage; whereas it is fit only to be a super.

Considering real business as a reasonable spirit of efficiency, let us note some things.

We are told that the modern business man is needed in politics. The trouble is there are too many modern business men in politics.

We are told that we need modern business men at Washington. The trouble is there are too many there already. The men at Washington are capable enough as financiers for themselves. They have cornered the elusive shekel. Half our energy just now is spent

on discussions of trusts, combines, etc., and the other half is spent anathematizing the modern business men in politics who have made these things possible.

We see an occasional cartoon that represents modern business calling off the dogs of war. Some folks think that peace is to be realized by modern business pronouncing the benediction. The fact is that every war in history had as its prime instigator some form of modern business under the guise of commercial supremacy, national honor, development of resources, etc. The fortification of the Panama Canal is urged by modern business. A half hundred million dollars will be squandered by modern business in an attempt to glamorize the world.

The welfare of modern business has been one of the reasons advanced for a great navy. But Norman Angell in his book, "The Great Illusion," mentions the fact that Norway's mercantile fleet is larger in proportion to the population than that of Great Britain.

Modern business argues that armaments are necessary for the serenity and happiness of small nations. But 3 per cent bonds of Belgium are quoted at 96, while those of an all

powerful military nation like Germany are quoted at 82.

Modern business proclaims the advantage of citizenship in a large, world-dominating nation. But, as a rule, in small nations the individual lives much more comfortably than in a large one, for his burdens of taxation are not so heavy.

In public affairs modern business is the rogue out of jail,—the despot on the necks of the people.

Come a little nearer to yourself and note what modern business does for you. Perhaps you live in a city. The streets are in poor repair. All civic improvements are like the measles—in spots. The moral conditions are anything but wholesome. Your taxes are on the compound increase. Yet, your city, no doubt, has a modern business man for mayor, and probably several modern business men on the council. If a campaign for civic righteousness should be inaugurated, modern business would shriek its protests to high heaven, and talk of the unsettling of conditions, empty store buildings, and so on.

Now, candidly, what is responsible for the continuation of many menaces to civic life?

What pleads the cause of the saloon, the pool room, and the dive? Modern business.

Come still nearer to your personal welfare. What has combined politics and public school management in many instances? Modern business, in the person of some of its prominent representatives. What is responsible for child labor, sweatshops, ungodly competition, adulteration of foodstuffs, and exorbitant prices? Modern business.

It is good mental exercise to analyze the thing called modern business, and find just how much buncombe there is in its pretenses. The high-sounding palaver about the all-worthiness of the modern business man and modern methods, needs discounting till we arrive at the facts.

There is many a modern business man, of no especial ability, who draws $10,000 to $75,000 a year because he sprints from depot to office in an automobile, and talks chestily about finance and efficiency, and rings up long distance to say "Pooh! Pooh!"

Many a modest merchant is as worthy, though he does not assume the strenuous face, nor dictate into a phonograph.

If we were to believe that modern business

was the only way to success in life, we should have to explain how it happens that 90 to 94 per cent of the men who enter mercantile life fail. And bank failures are yearly occurrences also, though modern business men are connected therewith.

Modern business analyzed till the bones show, is seen to have no monopoly on efficiency. It is merely a certain kind of activity in which certain people, who are far from infallible prophets of success, engage. Modern business is no more worthy of consideration than Art, or Literature, or Religion. It does not mean any more for the uplift of the race than any other interests that men may have.

Modern business men are no more essential to a community than teachers, preachers, or day laborers. Their inflated estimates of themselves need to be punctured for the good of society.

You are no more certain to get a thing done properly and with efficiency when you refer it to a committee of modern business men than to any other kind of a committee. I have tried it, and I know. On the other hand, a committee composed of men from various

callings, if they possess the reasonable spirit of efficiency, will take care of the matter. I know, for I have tried them.

A modern business man, fronted with a bit of real life, is often a sorely puzzled individual.

Whatever your vocation, try to develop the reasonable spirit of efficiency, which will permeate all your activities. As you essay your tasks the right spirit will mark you as a REAL business man.

The efficiency expert is the latest fad. He will go out of style with the hobble skirt.

CHAPTER III

THE POLITICAL LEECH

It is election day, and as I sit at my table I note that the polls have opened for business across the street. Business, did I say? It is anything but that. It reminds me of a shell game, or a discovery by a flock of buzzards.

If our governmental chain is no stronger than its weakest link, then the character of the least ward election gives us a good idea of the strength of our democracy. It will not bear much weight.

There they stand over yonder by the polls, —the political parasites on the body politic. It is costing me my share to feed that election gang. From five to eight men, drawing a good wage for little work, will sit there all day with owlish wisdom on their features. Two men, or three at most, could do the whole business,—that is, were it a business instead of a buzzards' roost.

The candidates are standing as near as they

dare, passing out cards; and their workers are carrying voters to the polls in automobiles and carriages.

The man who is influenced to vote by a card thrust into his hand 100 feet from the voting booth, or by a free ride in a benzine buggy, has not mental calibre enough to entitle him to the franchise.

It should be a jail offense for an office seeker to approach the polls for any other purpose than to cast his own ballot; for any conveyance to be used to carry voters to the polls; for any cards to be distributed; for any workers to be enlisted.

There should be only the necessary men employed to handle the vote.

It is time the political leeches were forcibly removed from their life job, and the business of a municipality put in the hands of a few men whose good sense and moral astuteness would lead them to serve the public, instead of prey upon it.

A while back I visited the session of a city council. A question relating to the conservation of character was before the onery-able body. It was a question which was easy of solution, stated, as it was, in social terms which

no one could gainsay. Did those councilmen act in accord with twentieth-century moral needs? Not they. There was no expectation that they would. With a baggy-kneed, tobacco-smelling dignity, they voted solidly against the proposition.

I, for one, am getting very tired of supporting the political parasites. How is it with you?

CHAPTER IV

CUT IT OUT

What? Radicalism. Conservatism has done as much for the world as radicalism.

It is better to be a violet than a cinder.

To be able to go far is better than to be able to go fast. Several dead aviators would still be air conquerors if they had contented themselves with practical demonstrations of sustained, low, slow flight, instead of spiral maneuverings from lofty heights,—flights which had no value. We are at the fool stage of aeronautics.

We are warranted in discounting all reports twenty-five per cent. Did you ever know of a fire where the first estimate of loss was low enough? Was there ever a battle in which the killed were estimated few enough? How long since you saw the orator who made strong men weep and women faint? Yet you have heard about him.

Cut out the thrills.

A little red fire on faded scenery,—before which background go to and fro actors who tear a passion to tatters,—makes a greater effect than did the sun as it beamed over the Ozark hills this morning, and flashing through ten thousand windows, awakened folks to reality. The one was set off by a man and a match; the other "was risen upon the earth when Lot entered Zoar."

Cut out the hankering for grandeur. When the race passed out of monarchial life into the realm of Democracy, the sphere of possible grandeur changed. Grandeur to-day is social. Those that lust for it manipulate social forces. They wish to lead the children of Adam out of the wilderness.

Leadership, however, is not our need. Our need is for efficient subordinates. We are long on officers and short on privates.

"Follow orders; plow, sow. Do not ask why. Thou art not at the level of the answer."

Society needs no rescue from the wilderness. It needs no reformation. It is as good as it can be, considering its units. The individual needs rescue and reformation, not society. The best way to reform an individual

is to remind him that he already knows the way out of the wilderness.

Confucius said: "It concerns me not that I have high place. What concerns me is to make myself worthy."

CHAPTER V

THE NARROWNESS OF THE BROAD

"Is he liberal?" is the question flung out into the chance conversation of any social group. It is the inquiry concerning the man or the woman who happens to be under dissection. And modern conversation is one-third dissection and two-thirds vivisection.

"Liberality" is the pet word of many self-appointed social saviors. They look upon the human animal as likely to reach his maturity unhindered. Anarchy, philosophic or otherwise, stains redly out through the wrappings of conventionality, which many people assume in order to maintain respectability.

None of the liberal people of our day have yet been very specific in their definition of liberality.

If the liberal person resides in Milwaukee, St. Louis, or Cincinnati, he very likely means by liberality the freedom to be chummy with a stein.

If he is about New York he means, doubtless, the unhindered opportunity to feed swine in any old pigpen.

If he nests under academic eaves, he probably means the freedom to say the pseudo-original thing which will shock grandma.

If he is in politics, he means freedom from criticism for his grafting proclivities.

If he is a journalist, he means non-molestation by the people who object to scareheads screaming at them from every newsstand.

If he does not know Christianity from charlatanism, he means permission to slide through life on the margin of righteousness established by other people.

There was a time when I thought that liberal folks were liberal, but now I know that they are narrow. If I wish to find an anemic intellect, I look for a man who poses as broad in his thinking. I say this because every-day observation informs me that the liberal man is one who calls another man narrow because he does not accept the liberal one's ism, dissipation, or frenzy. The average so-called "liberal" man and woman to-day are so narrow that they exclude from life an entire region of speculation and experience,—the re-

ligious region. The religious instinct is as well authenticated as any other in life. Yet the champion of liberality denies its worth. And when anyone refuses to be blinded by his sophistry, that person is pasted with the ever ready label, "narrow."

There are parents who wish broad, sturdy children, so they shrivel and bake them in the arid regions of irreligion.

A friend was telling me the other day of the waning of the religious spirit in a certain college in which she is interested. The social slush movement has gained considerable acceptance. Certain midnight dissipations are sanctioned by the trustees and faculty. "Why?" I asked. "Oh, for a supposed broadening effect," was the reply.

This is not an isolated case of fallacy, but too largely the social disease of to-day, rooting where, of all places, we should expect to find true breadth of mind. Young men and young women are going out with increasing frequency from our colleges, narrowed by the liberality which trains them to believe that the only difference between an ape and a man is the inclination on the part of the man to wear clothes.

IV

WHILLIKINS,—THE RECREATIONIST

CHAPTER I

HE RAN HIM DOWN TO DEATH

It occurred on a city street after a snow. Some children were coasting. Their sport was the sport of childhood; down-sweeping on shining runners, and then slow walking and dragging of sleds to the top of the incline for another descent. There were Jimmie and John and Hal and Bert and Tom; yes, and there were Mabel and Sarah, Mary and Carrie, and Mandy, too. There were others whose names I can only guess. The ages of the coasters ran from five years to fifteen. They were having a royal time. Jimmie, in jeans, and Tom, in neat sweater and jaunty cap, went down occasionally on the same sled; for Jimmie's sled was a cracker box on board runners, and could not scoot as far and as fast as Tom's steel coaster.

Yet Jimmie on his cracker box had as much fun as any boy. Jimmie's mother, as she tied the red muffler around his neck when he

started from home that morning, had said: "Be careful; don't get run into by bigger sleds." And Jimmie had replied, "I'll be careful, ma."

As the mother watched her boy out of sight she did not know—but I will not anticipate. Jimmie was safe enough, so far as getting run down by the coasters was concerned.

The coasting joy goes on, and Jimmie will go home pretty soon. He is getting hungry. He can smell the dinner cooking in his mother's kitchen. Yes, Jimmie will go home pretty soon. His father will be home at twelve. Jimmie will leave his sled by the kitchen doorstep, knock the snow off his heels, and go in to plunge his face into the wash-dish in the sink and dry it on the towel behind the door. He will be on hand in his chair, ruddy of face and hungry, when the dinner, steaming hot, is brought from the kitchen.

This would have been Jimmie's home coming if—Well, I must tell about that unexpected if.

While the coasters were in the midst of their sport a man cranked up his engine out in his "garage," wedged himself behind the steering-wheel, let the machine roar in smell and

smoke awhile, then slid out on the driveway to the road and dashed away. He was one of those own-the-road-because-I-run-an-automobile fellows. Honk! Honk!

This particular potential murderer had been arrested several times for speeding. He had been cautioned several other times. He had paid his fines, and had laughed, and had said that the sport was worth the money. He was one of the thousands who jeopardize life and comfort in town and country to-day, while an asinine public cowers on the corner.

Mr. Fun-is-worth-it sped on and turned into the street where the coasters were at play. Honk! Honk! Forty miles an hour up and over the crest!

"Look out, Jimmie! This way quick," cried a half-dozen child voices,—Tom's voice shrill above them all.

Jimmie was taking a last coast before going home to dinner. He had just flung himself, stomach down, on his sled, when hearing the warning, he turned his head to see the murder-machine topping the hill and bearing down upon him with its tons of speeding weight. Frantically he dug his toe into the snow to turn to the gutter; but it was too late. There

was the soft crash of sled-runners and the crush of a little boy-body as the wheels rolled over his back. There was a half-call of fright and agony that died in a moan, and a spatter of blood on the snow. The flattened, lifeless body of Jimmie lay among the boards of the sled he had made the day before.

The goggled devil at the wheel of the murder machine made a few kicks with his foot and a few swings with his arm as the car rolled over his victim. Yes, he stopped at the foot of the hill. They all do that now. They stop, and go back to see,—all save a few who may have a road ahead of them with woods and turns; in which case they go on and pull in their numbers.

Jimmie's companions gathered about, and Tom tried to drag the body from the blood-stained snow.

"Where does he live?" asked the murderer. "I'll carry him home in 'ma masheen.' "

"It's about time for Jimmie to come," said the mother to the father, who was washing at the sink, as she tried the baked potatoes in the oven with a fork. "Why, there's an automobile stopping at the gate. I wonder what they want."

The father goes to the door; two men are carrying something in a lap robe; they put it on the porch.

Jimmie has come.

It is two o'clock, and the dinner is cold. The mug of milk at Jimmie's plate is untouched. A moaning, sobbing mother and a broken father stand beside the couch whereon a mangled little body, with agony-distorted face, makes mute protest.

It is two o'clock, and the telephone rings in I-own-the-road-because-I-run-an-automobile's house. A friend has called him up to extend sympathy. The shock from running down a child is so great, you know. The murderer needs consolation, for accidents like this really unnerve a motorist!

O Lord, how long?—how long?

CHAPTER II

WHY THE MOTION PICTURE SHOW

Does any one suppose the motion picture show is the great educator it is said to be? Of course, lots of people think it is. Is it, however? Not, if by education one means developing mental capacity. If by education one means familiarity with things gained through no effort, then the motion picture show is a schoolroom.

Will you keep this page before you long enough to make a little study of the matter?

The usual argument for motion pictures as educational agencies contains a reference to the value of pictures in the training of children. We are told that from a picture the child gathers through the eye more information more quickly than by means of his other senses. That is the reason why the picture is valuable.

There are two questions to ask in reply to this.

First. Are we then to serve all knowledge

to the child through pictures and let him be the passive party in his training?

Second. If that be the right method of training children, does it necessarily apply to adults, and are adults instructed rightly by child methods?

The reason the motion picture show is so popular is because it entertains and because the entertained is absolutely passive; its information is spoon-fed; no effort is necessary. One pays his nickel and sits down.

Therein lies the curse of the motion picture show to-day. It calls for five cents and no mental exertion. It caters to the mental indolence of the age. It has in some respects the same effect as excessive reading of fiction. Librarians testify that fiction drunkards are seldom, if ever, interested in essays, history, biography, and science, because those studies call for mental exertion. Therefore the six best sellers are carried away before nine o'clock.

As a developer of flabby mentality the motion picture show cannot be surpassed. The ability to think to-day is none too prevalent, and the flip-flap of the motion picture weakens that ability more and more.

Instead of being educated through the eye we need the mental capacity to understand a thing when it is not illustrated. Education in plaid has no great merit.

An editorial writer in one of our cater-to-the-minute magazines gives his dream of a motion picture church. He sees the kingdom of heaven come via the picture reel. The great unchurched mass is to be spiritually nourished by the gospel done in flip-flap. Salmon-colored lithographs will proclaim the presence of a dispensary of the good news for the new times. To put it in his words, "The pictures are to be a method to stimulate dulled imaginations, to feed the hunger of lively minds, to reach the hearts of both."

What could be simpler? You pay your nickel and you leave your mind at home,—resting; the motion picture will take care of your soul. If we can get education without mental exertion, why not get religion with the same mental passivity?

The motion picture show is a craze, not an educator. It does for the mind what the automobile does for the body. It carries it somewhere else and back again, and the trip was purposeless.

I know a woozy, boozy, fuzzy little town, where the occupation of the people is to run home to meals between picture shows. The life of the town is correspondingly characteristic. If I were Barnum's ghost after mental inerts for show purposes, I would go there with a lasso.

Just like many other things, the motion picture show is good when very moderately indulged in, as is an issue of *Puck*. But when it is urged as the greatest educator and gospelizer of the age it is time to do a little assaying in your own retort.

V

WHILLIKINS,—THE RELIGIOUS

CHAPTER I

ON DELIVERING THE CATTLE

He was upwards of 90 years old. He came with fair vigor along the sidewalk, and stopped to talk. He was not "other worldly," but decidedly the opposite. He had had a fairish bundle of experience. He seemed to be one who for no small part of his life had tasted the sweets and the bitters, both offered and forbidden, and intended to pass out as he had stayed.

"No; I'm no church member," he got far enough along to say. "I've nothin' agin churches, but, say, let me tell you somethin'. I used to deal in stock,—live stock. My name's Dipps; everybody knows me around here. Why I was here when the Indians were. I was not over so high." And he measured with his hand. "Yes. My name's Dipps; an' I used to buy cattle an' hogs, an', do ye know, I'd want to pay somethin' down sometimes, so as to be sure to get the stock if the

market went up. Sometimes I'd buy of a church member, an' he wouldn't want to take any money down. Then, blast ye, if the market went up, he wouldn't deliver the cattle. Now what do you think of that? No; I'm no church member; an' I hain't got nothin' agin churches. My name's Dipps."

The old man began to move on. "Everybody around here knows me," he left as his last assurance.

I sat down on the steps in the September sun to ponder on the old pagan's speech. "Blast ye, if the market went up, he wouldn't deliver the cattle."

There was no particular flavor of originality about the remark. I had heard it in one form or another as a criticism of church members. Of course, it was no excuse for that old man's, or any other man's irreligion. It can be said of just as many non-church members, as church members, "if the market goes up, they don't deliver the cattle."

So I note it here, not to criticise the church member, but I would like to know what is the matter with the man who when the market goes up won't deliver the cattle?

It is a case of the pot calling the skillet

black when the non-churchman notes the unwillingness of the churchman to bring round the cattle. Both are black.

Where do they get the color?

Some exasperated dealer in live stock will say that they have had association with the Father of Lies. He may go so far as to say that he will not leave his chicken-coop unlocked in the same neighborhood where the man who won't deliver the cattle lives. Of course, all that he may say will be a picturesque expression of his annoyance because he did not get the cattle.

Perhaps, if the market had gone down, he would have said that he did not buy the cattle.

The whole proposition, disentangled from all circumstances, stews down to the question of whether a man's word should be as good as his bond, and whether, if all men's words were unreliable, anybody's bond would be good.

At the basis of all life,—business, social, spiritual, even physical,—is the integrity of the human word.

The ultimate for the human family is the condition where all men, when the market

goes up, bring round the cattle in time for Dipps to get them loaded and on the next morning's market.

CHAPTER II

"GIVE 'EM THE 'ROUSEMENTS"

Three days before yesterday a Kentucky preacher was telling me his experience.

It seems that he went to deliver his first sermons on his circulating charge. He preached one Sunday afternoon in a hill schoolhouse. As he was a new elephant, the people were three layers deep in the schoolhouse, and were outside at the window in long lines, which reached back into the forest primeval.

He stood up and in a simple, direct, quiet manner told them in about twenty minutes a fly-leaf page of the gospel.

The service closed without subsequent doings; and the preacher saw as the people faded into the woods that he had made a blunder somewhere. Mounting his horse he rode on to his next appointment.

No one had said, "That was a good sermon, Parson."

A week later the preacher met a man who had been sardined into the schoolhouse that day. He ventured to ask him what had been the cause of his silent treatment on Possom Trot.

"Wall,"—and the man shifted his quid over to the right,—"you see, our folks like the 'rousements, and you did not exercise 'em."

Now, that Kentucky preacher was young and he was there to win. Just four weeks later he went back to Possom Trot with the 'rousements. He had not thought out anything to say. The fact was, as he confidentially told me, he left the fly-pages, as well as the body of the gospel, at home. He relied entirely on his calling-the-cows voice, and, being husky, on his ability to shuttle back and forth on the rostrum for forty-five minutes.

It was a physical strain, but he did it. Then, like the man who holds a live wire, he found he could not let go; he could not close the meetin'. The people "just wouldn't go home," and more invitations to fried yellow-legs came than he could remember; and he had the organist, who was one of John Fox's girls in scarlet homespun, write them down for him.

All this happened in the hills, where the folks came a-horseback and a-foot, sunbonneted, barefoot, and supple.

. . . . . .

The scene shifts. It is glorious autumn on the Avenue. The swinging doors of the gray stone pile are open for the morning services. Now and then an auto deposits its china at the door and then sizzles around to the side street. The mission pews inside are filling. The organ is sighing. Far-off melodies mingle and, under the wizardry of the organist, come nearer, bursting at last from the full-throated pipes as a recessional of angels might sing upon getting home to heaven with a redeemed sinner.

Not many hear this. There is too much bright glancing at friends and courtesying down the aisles. When piety presses its pants and goes to church it always forgets its ear-trumpet, but never its eye-glasses.

The minister in due time arises to the occasion. It is said of him that he has never been seen to carry a scrap of paper with him into the pulpit,—no, not even a scrap. Seldom does he open the Bible. He seems to be

a biblical phonograph; the 31,000 promises are on his cylinder.

No pulpit essayist is he, but a real sermon-orator. His eagle eye blazes as it sweeps over the mission pews. Every pewholder feels that he is It. Now, the minister storms the bass end of the platform, then makes a swift run over the intermediate octaves, and the next instant he is stamping out arpeggios on the treble end.

At last it is over. "Wasn't it wonderful?" say the people. The autos cough at the door. The china is repacked. Only the organist remains, hidden away at his keyboard, and soft melodies steal down the deserted aisles, as autumn vapors rise and drift through the forest hollows when the sun is set.

And God comes back to the gray stone pile on the Avenue.

Query: What is the distance from the Kentucky hill schoolhouse meetin' to the Avenue graystone service?

Bring me my microscope.

CHAPTER III

BOSTON BUDDHISM OR BAKED BEANS

Mary Baker Glover Eddy "pawsed on." She had to die to do it. Some say she did it years ago and her friends would not write her obituary, possibly because they were afraid that the demand for souvenir spoons and "Unscience and Disease" would decline. Others guess about her death date. Still others frankly say they do not know.

Be that as it may, everybody now acknowledges that she has "pawsed on."

There is something tragically comic in the fact that "to pawse on" Mrs. Eddy had to die. There was only one entrance door to eternal felicity, and it was very small and commonplace. Mrs. Eddy fumbled with the latch for a good many years before she pressed down with her thumb and went in.

I think that she would have been fumbling yet, if a dark gaunt figure had not reached over her shoulder and pushed down on her hand.

The pathos of Mrs. Eddy's "pawsing" lies in the fact that she left thousands behind who are still fumbling with the latch.

No other cult has had so much free advertising as Christian Science, hence its growth. All the hammering has really sawed wood for the Christian Science fireplace; and the heat of its inglenook has been really very cozy and inviting to many persons.

There is some speculation now as to the length of time before the cult will disintegrate. It will not disintegrate so long as anybody wonders in respect thereto. When we all quit talking about Christian Science then it will gently breathe its last. Therefore I do not look for its death for some time yet.

I talk about it so that it may postpone its obsequies as long as possible.

Some folks wish that Christian Science would close up shop. I do not care whether it does or not. To me the cult is more comic than *Puck* or *Judge*.

Some people say in consternation, "Why, it is honeycombing the church!" That does not matter. There may be honey where there is a honeycomb,—if the bees are not drones.

Anyway, the people who go out of the church for Christian Science do not advantage the church any before they leave, and when they leave they really compliment the church. They are dead brush in the Garden of the Lord. How thankful we ought to be that they have still enough sap in them to prune themselves out!

I should perhaps have said why Christian Science is a comic supplement to me. So here goes.

It denies matter, yet prays over festered matter.

It claims to stand for the undeviled man, yet every Christian Scientist has been dispossessed of one or more devils.

It says this is a world of sunlight, while it turns the button to get electric light by which to read Mrs. Eddy's interpretation of the Scriptures.

It is the artful dodger of facts, in cap and bells. Who wouldn't laugh? Corner a Christian Scientist in an argument and (s)he will say serenely, "You do not grasp the spiritual significance of the beautiful doctrine of the immateriality of the cosmos."

For all these and other reasons I put my hand over my pinched mouth when I see a Scientist.

When the Christian Scientist is consistent (s)he will not be a Christian Scientist. (S)he will be a circle without a rim. So then, Christian Science will live just as long as it takes for the rim to rub itself out.

Meanwhile I will take baked beans.

CHAPTER IV

THE PINK MINISTER

The political parasite, who was the subject discussed in a preceding chapter, has his character frankly announced by himself. He does not dissemble; there is nothing neutral about him.

As I come now to write of another kind of parasite, I find it impossible to say as much of him. He is a counterfeit of the true minister, but such a poor imitation that he cannot even be credited with the quality of strength. Even his staunchest friend would not say that he was heroic in his attempts to be a parasite. He is a neutral, a wally-wobble, a hanger-on to the skirts of the church; he is a representative of the thing Christianity dislikes,—neutral character.

Christianity has a preference for definiteness. It prefers the bright red of reality to the pink of make-believe. Hence I call the subject of this sketch pink,—the pink minister.

He is pastoral to the limit, that is, pastoral after a certain fashion. He delights to have some of the sisters call him "Dear Doctor Allwise," and remark that he does not neglect his parish for the pleasures of the study.

He is the pastor of the feminine portion of his flock. He is often quite clerical in his appearance, and is an ornament at any afternoon function. He possesses the gentle art of flattery, and, rather than have any sister take offense at his remarks, he will agree with Mrs. Weatherspoon that "Susan is a lovely child." He can insinuate himself into the confidence of any family mother by such a question as "Let's see; whom did Mary marry?"

I would not have it inferred that the parasitic minister is always feminine in his instincts. He is often one of the hale fellows, a man among men,—that is, among what are sometimes called men.

He has his ear pointed toward the pew of his heaviest contributor; a precaution that enables him to avoid risks of utterance,—slips which might jeopardize his tenure on the pulpit he occupies. As a consequence of his political attitude, his sermons possess a certain mild and soothing quality, well described in

an extract from a personal letter which I received a while ago.

"His sermons are of the milk and honey type. He keeps in touch with John, Peter, and Paul, and pictures the Christ-life in the old way. But he carefully avoids anything pertaining to local conditions,—political or social,—and of course, touches no one's toes. So long as he keeps this up and gets his salary he will be happy."

This sort of minister,—the pink type,—is not representative of the majority. He represents a minority who degrade the profession. Many of them climb and attain preëminence and seeming influence. Some of them attain positions where ecclesiastical snooping and vaudeville become fine arts with them.

Dear Doctor Allwise is looked upon as the highest authority in theology, a court of last resort for influence, and the honoring figure for all pink-ice receptions.

If one has no large amount of individuality there are ample compensations for being a social parasite with ecclesiastical affiliations.

But the pink minister is here to go,—not to stay.

CHAPTER V

HOW ANY MINISTER MAY SUCCEED

"I tell you, Mr. Winship, everybody thinks your sermons are just simply grand. They are all talking about them."

Mrs. Middlebroad sat in the Winship home one evening about two months after the Reverend Carroll Winship had accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Flatville. She was president of the Ladies' Society, and had aspirations to be a leader also in the Flatville "Bunch," as certain ladies in that town were called by those less enamored of bridge and pale green ices served à la fantastic.

Now the Reverend Carroll Winship had been preaching to the First Congregational pew holders for some eight Sundays and naturally he wondered how his sermons were appealing to the quasi-cultured attendants. True, after every sermon, as the people passed out, a respectable proportion delivered themselves of the usual complimentary remarks.

But none had been to the pains to seek the new minister in his home and speak as Mrs. Middlebroad had just done.

Mr. Winship bowed his acknowledgment, while Mrs. Winship smiled at their visitor.

"What would you suggest, Mr. Winship," continued Mrs. Middlebroad, "for the better doing of the Ladies' Society work? We have not been doing much recently, for we have been without a pastor for three or four months, and many of our ladies are unable to secure competent maids."

Winship thought that he detected a slight emphasis upon the words "our ladies," whenever his visitor spoke of the female portion of his congregation.

"It is yet a little too soon for me to advise just what should be done in the way of extending the influence of our church," the minister replied; "but there is always one thing which may be reasonably expected, and that is that the members of the church shall be in their pews at the regular services. There is little that can be done outside until all who are inside the church are interested,—and that to the extent of being present at the services."

"What you say is quite true," purred Mrs.

Middlebroad. "Our attendance is not as large as it should be. Mr. Tompkins, our former pastor, alienated a great many of our members by his conduct, you see. Of course I do not wish to say a word about our former minister, and I hope you will not misunderstand me."

Winship studied his visitor for a moment before he remarked: "I always wish the president of the Ladies' Society to be interested; I would like her to be a regular attendant at the services to welcome newcomers and to open the way of approach to strangers and the non-churchgoers of the community. The church exists for the service of the outsiders as well as of the insiders. There must be a steady incoming from the population of the town or the church will decline in influence."

"Of course, Mr. Winship, you have not been here long enough to know the character of our population," continued the president of the Ladies' Society. "There are a good many people to whom the Congregational Church does not appeal. The Methodists and Christians have done a big work among such persons. But we have some of the best people in our church. Mr. Smithkins of the Flatville

State Bank is one of our best contributors, though not a member. He is now abroad. Mrs. Smithkins is a lovely woman and entertains lavishly. Then there are the Mudsons. Mr. Mudson is a very able lawyer and controls to a great extent in Flatville politics. There are several merchants on Eastern Avenue who are members of our church,—or, at least, their families are. I suppose our church represents more wealth than any other church here, though we do not have a large membership."

Having thus given what she considered to be an impressive enumeration of some of the aristocratic members of the church, Mrs. Middlebroad leaned back in her chair and beamed at Mrs. Winship.

"Yes, I was talking to Mr. Evans Woodbe to-day in his office. He told me that Eastern Avenue was well represented in the church. But," said the minister, "when I asked him why I had not seen more of the business men at church, he replied that their business duties were so heavy that they could not always attend. I do not like that attitude toward the church."

"Well, you see, Mr. Winship," apologetic-

ally gurgled Mrs. Middlebroad, "it is with our men somewhat as it is with our ladies. The men are busy in their stores and offices, and our ladies are unable to get competent maids. I know that with your excellent sermons we shall get on nicely, if you will also keep encouraging our people. You will feel the bad effects of Mr. Tompkins' pastorate for some time; but we shall all soon forget that. I never criticise ministers, but Mr. Tompkins was really very indiscreet. I must be going now or Mr. Middlebroad will be sending Churley after me. I do hope that you will get acquainted with Churley. He is a dear boy."

With this remark Mrs. Middlebroad arose to go, remarking at the door that the ladies were studying Browning once a month, and that she hoped they might expect Mr. Winship to talk to them on the poet a little later.

When the door had closed the minister went to his study, and Mrs. Winship went on with her interrupted reading. Two hours later, when Mr. Winship was locking up the house for the night, he remarked, "Mrs. Middlebroad does not come to church very often her-

self. I wonder if she cannot find a competent maid."

As I have said, this call of Mrs. Middlebroad was a few weeks after the Winships had taken up their residence in Flatville. I have no intention here of telling the story of their Flatville ministry. That story will be told another time. It suffices here to say that about two years later the Winships, with huge satisfaction, saw Flatville fade into the monotonous landscape behind them as they looked from the rear of the Northwestern Limited.

The two years had been more or less strenuous and weariful. Politics and business and no maids had made the Reverend Winship's labors largely unfruitful.

When Winship's friends heard of his removal from the Flatville pastorate some of them said that he had failed when he might just as well have succeeded. Some were frank enough to say that his asinine proclivities in that direction were too pronounced. They said that he lacked tact. They said that if he had not been so interested in civic righteousness and more interested in his own ecclesiastical future the heavy contributors would not have withdrawn their support,—that Lawyer

Mudson and Deacon Ratsmutt would not have lined up the "bunch" against him.

I do not know that Reverend Winship cared very much what his friends thought. I do know, being perhaps nearer to him than any other of his friends, that he was born anew when Flatville faded into the monotonous distance. And, knowing him as I do, I feel myself qualified to testify to the kind of man Winship is. He hates pretense and pious putty, prigs and snobbery. He has never felt "called" to eat pale green ices at a session of the Browning Society of "our ladies." He feels that if he has any place in the ministry it is to preach the gospel of simplicity and sincerity,—the virile gospel of the Nazarene. He feels justified in demanding of business men a first interest in the church of Christ, which interest does not neglect business as an instrument of service.

Thinking as he does, Winship speaks his thoughts. It was that which led to his leaving Flatville. But he believes that it is better to have a year of self-respecting failure than a decade of Flatville success. From which I infer that he knows how he might have succeeded in Flatville. From repeated

conversations with Reverend Winship I have concluded that any minister may succeed in any parish to which he may happen to be called.

The average church does not call a minister that it may be ministered unto in the sense of true service. The greatest service that can be rendered any person is a stimulation and inspiration to sincerity of thought and of action. True service of a church is of this sort. But the average church does not wish stimulation; it does not wish to hear that it is failing; it wishes to have its failures hidden beneath flattery in private conversation and rhetoric in the pulpit.

Had the Reverend Winship possessed the gentle art of flattery instead of uncouth bluntness of expression, the Congregational Church of Flatville would have increased his salary the first year. True, the pews might not have been filled; but, with the sort where Winship found himself, that is secondary to a secure sense of self-complacency.

The gentle art of flattery is, then, one of the greatest assets for ministerial success; intellectual and spiritual qualities should not be mentioned in comparison. I do not say that

a minister may not succeed without this art,—sometimes, but I do say that he will always succeed with it.

What will do more to keep the favor of the heavy contributor,—whose unsavory private life is a matter of public comment,—than a little cold cream applied to the welts raised by the criticism of the community, especially when it is the pastor of the heavy contributor who thus solicitously acts as a good Samaritan?

What will keep the ladies of the church so loyal to Mr. Winship as frequent pulpit references to "our dear women who are devoting their time so largely to the work of the society?"

What will manage old Deacon Ratsmutt so easily as an oft-assumed attitude of deference to his piety and orthodoxy?

And Lawyer Mudson—Well, he pretends to be a shrewd one, but any minister can, by deft insinuations as to the doubtful policies of Mudson's opponents, keep said Mudson in his pew.

Now, of course, all this cannot be accomplished if the minister is so tactless as to always tell the truth. He need not lie, but he

should refrain from being positive in truth utterance. Still, what place has truth in comparison with ecclesiastical success? Truth is often unpalatable; success comes soonest from honeyed lingo. Truth, of course, sees things as they are; in the ministry success follows soonest when the minister sees things as they are not.

Let no one suppose that some dear sister suffering from social eczema wishes to be assured that she needs a blood purifier. Let no one suppose that those addicted to culturine wish to have a definition of culture shouted out in public congregation. No! When I put down here directions how invariably to succeed as a minister I do not expect the minister to be so in love with the truth that he cannot flirt a little with fiction.

If a minister wishes to be popular, he must be willing to pay the price. The price is a certain irregularity in his apparent four-square character. I do not say that he must sell himself to falsehood. But he must not be too ardent a disciple of oft-proclaimed truth. The recipe for success in the ministry is inclusive of the suggestion: give a certain prominence to the adaptability of the gospel to the first

three centuries, but do not dwell too largely nor too often on what religion demands of the twentieth century.

After his failure with the Flatville "bunch," Winship expressed the greatest devotion to the church of Christ. He remained loyal to the evangelical truth of the gospel. He made no great defense of himself, but said frankly that he was glad that he had withstood the temptation to pay the price of success in Flatville.

Too many ministers do pay the price. The ministry for such becomes the profession of ecclesiastical vaudeville.

Not long ago a man of wide experience and of a deeply spiritual nature wrote to me the following words: "I say in all love and with appreciation for all churches that organized religion seems to be sick,—that is, not religion, but the organizations that seek to represent it. Instead of being aggressive and truly the leaders in art, literature, science, and service, too often I find the organizations apologetic and on the defensive. They are more or less successful attachments to life rather than expressions of life."

Any minister who is willing to devote time to the mastery of the gentle art of flattery can

succeed in any pulpit to-day. That art assures him bigger salary, popularity, and an after-dinner-coffee time all the year 'round.

Let no young minister consider the ministry a successless vocation. If it is success he is after, he can achieve it there,—as everywhere else,—by paying the price.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 027 272 317 5